"For Richer, for Poorer."

BY EDITH C. KENYON, AUTHOR OF "THE MOTHERS OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN," ETC.

"'That's all you know about it!' cried the boy." *p.* 114.

CHAPTER III.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

"SOME men have a talent for accumulating money," said Gerald. "But believe me, Dick, they don't do it all, or nearly all, by working. Look here, they earn a little money to begin with, then they buy shares in something which pays well, and watch the money market and sell the shares when they are dear and buy others. They trade with their money—as you might with your £500—and make more of it. Why, bless you," and in his eagerness he struck the table with his open hand, "I knew a fellow once who had only £300 one week, and the next he had as many thousands. He did not get it by working. No, he got it by buying some shares which went up. That was it."

There was a strange fascination for Dick about this talk of his cousin's. He had always thought Gerald a clever man of the world, and now he thought so more than ever. After wanting for months to become rich, and thinking that would be only possible by his working hard for years, it was delightful to hear of a quicker and easier way.

"Really, I understand so very little about these things," he began deprecatingly; and again Gerald interrupted him.

"I know all about them," he cried, "and I can put you up to a lot of things," and forthwith he began to talk of sundry speculations of his own which had turned out well.

At last Dick, somewhat impressed, said tentatively, "I wonder what would be a good thing for me to put my £500 in?"

"I will tell you—Barton's Brewery shares. You know old Barton made a pile of money out of his brewery. Well, he has sold the business for an enormous sum to a company, and they are offering shares to the public at a really reasonable rate. Now, with your £500 you might buy—let me see." After a short pause, he went on to explain how many shares Dick might buy with the money. "You will receive at least twenty per cent.," he said in conclusion, "and perhaps more."

Twenty per cent., and perhaps more! And Dick received only two and a half per cent. for his money in the bank. But shares in a brewery! For years he had been a teetotaller on principle, as he had seen and heard much in Matford of the evils of alcoholic drink. Could he think of increasing his income by allowing his money to be used in helping to supply that which was so often the cause of ruin to thousands? And his wife, who was also a total abstainer, could she endure to have more money at such a cost? No, he was sure she could not.

A little of all this he tried to say to his cousin, who laughed at his scruples, and declared there was something or other to be said against every way of making money.

There is an old proverb which says, "He who hesitates is lost." Dick began to waver, and finally, just before Annie returned to the room, he consented to think it over and let his cousin know the result in a few days.

In rather less than a week Dick called upon Gerald, and said, for his wife's sake, that he might have more money for her, he would buy some brewery shares, as many indeed as his money would purchase.

Gerald commended him for this resolution, called him a sensible man, and went with him forthwith to buy the shares.

When Dick returned home that evening he told Annie he had taken his money out of the bank and invested it in a business which was likely to bring them in twenty per cent., so their income would be almost half as much again in future.

Annie was glad to hear this, but could not help feeling a little hurt when Dick requested her not to question him about details, alleging that women did not understand business. It was plain that he did not want her to know what the business was in which he had taken shares.

Annie did not ask any more questions, but looked a little wistful as she poured out the tea that evening. Was the beginning of increased pecuniary prosperity to be also the beginning of a loss of confidence between husband and wife?

A few evenings afterwards Jack burst into the room, as they were sitting together in the gloaming before the lamp was lit.

"Oh, I say—I beg your pardon," he cried, "I'm afraid I startled you, and perhaps I ought to have rung the door-bell or knocked; I forgot to look in the etiquette book to see what is the proper thing to do on visiting a brother-in-law, but I just ran over to tell you a bit of news. You know Ratcliffe, the Temperance man—well, he's gone and got engaged to old Barton's daughter, the heiress. Would you believe it? He must have done it for the sake of her money—she will have a hundred thousand at least! Isn't he a mean cad?"

"Jack! Jack!" said Annie, reprovingly. "Perhaps he loves her."

"Loves her! Why, she's old enough to be his mother, and so plain and uninteresting, poor thing; of course she can't help that, but, at least, she need not be so foolish as to have him. The cad!"

"Why do you call him a cad?" asked Dick, rather tartly.

The boy threw back his head with a gesture of abhorrence. "I have chosen my word well," he said. "I looked it out in the dictionary, which informs me that it is a term of contempt extended to any mean, vulgar fellow. Thackeray used it when he said, 'There's a set of cads in that old club which will say anything.' Doesn't that just apply to Ratcliffe? Hasn't he lectured all over the town, at no end of meetings, against drink and the wickedness of those who, for the sake of money, give it to the public? I don't say he was right, mind you, but that's what he always said. And then for him to go and marry the money procured so wickedly, according to him."

"But, my dear lad," said Annie, laying her hand caressingly upon his shoulder, "he is not going to marry the money, but a woman—Miss Barton."

"That's all you know about it!" cried the boy, with another toss of his curly head. "I should think he knows better than anyone else what he is going to marry. And mother said to him to-day, 'Mr. Ratcliffe, is it true you are going to be married?' To which he replied, 'It is true, Mrs. Clayton.' Then, after a modest pause, he added, 'I'm going to *marry money*.' There, that's true, Nan, the cad said so with his own mouth, quite triumphantly, 'I'm going to *marry money*.'"

"Well," said Annie, "I pity his poor wife."

"He'll have a rather hot time of it in the town, I can tell you," said Jack. "The people to whom he has lectured so much against drinking will be mad that he is going in for the money which has been earned that way. There are plenty of hits being made on all sides against those teetotallers who for the sake of gain are now buying brewery shares. Such a lot of them are doing it—it's perfectly disgusting!" and the boy's tone even more than his words expressed great scorn.

Dick's colour rose, but there was now so little light in the room that the others did not perceive it. He wondered if Jack could have heard what he had done, but immediately knew that to be impossible. The lad was candour itself. If he knew, he would say so, and ask him how he could do such a thing.

Then Dick had to listen—which he did very uneasily—to the brother and sister blaming such conduct in no mild terms.

CHAPTER IV.

THEIR FIRST BABY.

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy Father guards His sheep,"

SANG Annie softly in the words of the Shepherd's Cradle Song, rocking herself and her baby-boy to and fro by the sitting-room fire, one evening that autumn, and looking at him with a face glowing with happiness and motherly pride.

Her little Dick! Her treasure that God had entrusted to her care! The frail, sweet little life so dependent on her own! Dick's child and hers, the tender link which bound them more closely to one another.

Stooping over the wee pink face, murmuring to him those little broken words which sound like nonsense to the uninitiated, but which are full of sense to a mother and her babe, Annie made a pretty picture sitting there, her dark eyes flashing and cheeks glowing in the firelight.

What would be the future of her little one when he grew up? Would he be good and noble, a "hero in the strife," a God-fearing man following in the footsteps of Him who took our nature upon Him and became once a little babe, helpless and dependent like the child upon her knee?

"Annie," said Dick, coming in from the tiny hall, where he had been divesting himself of his wet mackintosh and boots, "it is a wretched evening outside. But how jolly you look here!" And he stooped to kiss her. "Why, what a fine baby he gets!" he added

admiringly, looking with great approval at his infant son. "He grows immensely every day. How old is he now, wifie?"

"He will be five weeks old to-morrow. Mother says she never saw a child come on so fast."

"Well, your mother ought to be an authority upon the subject if anyone is. How glad I am that she has been able to be with you!"

"Yes, indeed; I don't know what I should have done without her."

Mrs. Clayton had left them only the day before, having stayed at Ivy Cottage for six weeks, to the great comfort and delight of the young mother.

The baby opened his big brown eyes and looked serenely on his father.

"I declare he almost seems to know me, the young rascal!" exclaimed Dick, laughingly; "I'm glad he is a boy! I hope I shall get on," he added, leaning back in his armchair, and looking contemplatively at his infant son, "and be able to make a man of him. He shall have a better start than I had. He shan't have to pick up his education as he can and work for people between times as I did. No, he shall go to a good school, and be well dressed, and have plenty of pocket money to spend. You don't know how pinched I was, Annie, when I was a lad! I daresay now he will be clever and get on. And then wouldn't it be grand if we could send him to the University, Oxford or Cambridge! And then he might become a barrister, or a clergyman, and get to be a judge, or—or a bishop." But he laughed a little as he said it.

"Why, baby, what a big man daddy wants to make you!" exclaimed Annie to the child, her sweet face lighting up with joy and pride because Dick's ambition for their son was such a worthy one. But the smile died away as he went on speaking.

"Poor little chap," he said, "perhaps you won't be clever, and much learning would be more than you could stand. Well, never mind, we'll make you a rich man instead. You shall be put in the way of making money. Money is the most desirable thing in this world. You shall become rich, laddie, and count your thousands in the bank——"

"Dick," said Annie, interrupting him in troubled tones, "don't talk like that. Money! money! Oh!" she exclaimed almost passionately, "I hope our boy will never grow to think that is *most* desirable. Oh, Dick," she caught his hand with her disengaged one and almost clung to it, "dear Dick, unsay those words. They are so unworthy of you. Money is not, *is not*," she repeated, emphatically, "the most desirable thing in this world."

"Well, dear," he said, soothingly, for he knew she ought not to excite herself, "tell me what is better than money in this world?"

"Why, *love* is, and *character*—righteous dealing, unselfishness," began Annie, enthusiastically. "Dick," she went on, her eyes resting lovingly upon the child, "as I sat here nursing baby, before you came in, I was thinking how I longed for him to grow up a good man. Yes, dear, more than anything else I longed for that."

"Well, yes, of course, I want that, too. But there is no harm in wanting him to be rich besides. There, there, we will say no more about it. I must have my tea. I'll ring for Jane to bring it in, I see the table is spread."

"Yes, Dick, do. I think I should like a cup, too," said Annie, leaning back in her rocking-chair, and feeling strangely faint and weary.

Was it a foreboding of evil which his words had roused? She did not know. She only realised that he was becoming very different from what he had always seemed to her to be.

In less than a week afterwards came the day on which Dick expected his first half-year's dividend from the Brewery Company. Nothing more nor less than fifty pounds he thought he should receive, and he had arranged with Gerald to spend the money in buying a few shares in an Australian gold mine.

Annie noticed how preoccupied and excited he seemed as he waited for the postman to come, with impatience which could scarcely be concealed. They were just finishing breakfast when the familiar double knock at the door was heard.

Dick hurried out of the room, and returned in a few moments with a letter in his hand.

"Now," he cried, "this will be the dividend! Now for my fifty pounds!" He opened the envelope and spread out its contents on the table. Then a change came over his face—it grew pale; his hands shook; a gleam of anger shot from his eyes.

"Why, what's this? It's a swindle! A swindle!" he cried, passionately.

Annie was alarmed. She had never seen Dick so perturbed, excited, and angry before. Had he not got his dividend?

"Hasn't it come, dear?" she asked, trying to see what was on the table before him; but he covered the papers quickly with his hand.

"There's no—no—no fifty pounds," muttered Dick, in a choked voice. "Instead of fifty pounds, I've got ten, only ten—that's two per cent. Why, I should have had more if I'd let it remain in the bank! And yet the business has been making twenty per cent. for years! Why should it stop doing so just because I've put money into it? There's been some swindling, I tell you, *swindling!*" he cried, angrily.

Annie was grieved to see the fierce look in her husband's eyes. "How can you—how can you care so very much about mere money?" her heart prompted her to say, but happily she suppressed the words which would seem to imply blame. Men, like other human beings, do not like to be blamed. It was no use making the matter worse by risking a first quarrel. Instead, she rose, went to him, and, putting her soft arms round his neck, said sweetly, "Darling, don't mind so much. It really does not matter, for you have still your capital—and you have me and baby, Dick; and I will be most economical, and will make a little money go a very long way."

"It's just because I have you and our boy that I want to make money," cried Dick; "I don't care for it myself—at least, not so much, but it's for you and for him I want to make it."

"But, dear Dick, I'm quite happy with what we have, and baby won't need much for many a year," remonstrated Annie. "You can take your money out of this—

this business," she faltered a little here. It was still a sore point with her that he had never told her what the business was, and had even taken pains to change the topic of conversation whenever the slightest reference to investing money was made.

"I shall go and see Gerald this evening," said Dick, rising. "He was so sure the thing would pay well when he advised my investing in it. I should like to know what he has to say for it now."

Then he hurried from the room and away to the bank, without giving wife and child the usual good-bye kiss. *(To be continued.)*

A WORD FOR WORRIED WOMEN.

THERE are so many things occurring in the household of a family of any size to ruffle the feelings of a housewife, that it is not a very easy matter for her to be agreeable at all times. They are usually little things, so trivial as to be hardly noticed by most people; nor would they be by the housewife at other times, but when she is in a hurry, or tired and exhausted, it is the little things that chafe and fret her. There are some days when *very* little things appear to vex her. She rises in the morning with a general out-of-sorts feeling with everybody and everything around her. She feels that the day is going to be a hard one, and it always is.

Everybody seems determined to annoy her. Her head aches; the baby is crosser than usual; everything she tries to cook burns; the fire is either too hot, or it won't burn at all. In fact, the whole house has an air of topsy-turviness, and the housekeeper's nerves are in the same state. When speaking to the children, she does so in a quick, nervous, impatient way, and the little ones know instantly mother is not well, and they try to be as still as they can coming in and out; but let them be as careful as they will, there is always some thoughtless thing they will do that at another time she would not notice, yet on such a day as this calls from her a sharp reproof.

At the close of the day she is exhausted and disheartened, and you will probably hear her say, "Oh, dear, I am quite discouraged. I have worked all day long, and it doesn't seem as though I have done anything. I am tired to death of it all. I wish I could go away where I should never see a bit of housework again." Yet it wouldn't be well for anyone to suggest her living at the Fiji Islands, nor would it be really fair; for if left alone, after a good night's rest, she will wake up bright and be her old self again.

In the lives of all housekeepers occur such days, though less frequently in some than in others; and it is sad that there should ever be days such as this, when the comfort and peace of mind of both mother and family are spoiled. The mother really feels worse over the mistakes and impatient words uttered than any others of the family, and her conscience is sore on their account; yet she excuses herself by saying, "I couldn't help it; my nerves were all out of order."

Now, there must have been some cause for the nerves being out of order, and this is usually found in the day preceding. On this day she arose feeling fresh and bright to begin her day's labours. She felt just like working, and went about her tasks willingly and cheerfully. When the afternoon came, she felt worn out and inclined to stop, and *that is what she should have done.* But no; she kept right on because there was something she wanted to finish; and at the end of the day she was too tired to eat and went to bed exhausted in body and mind, to rise the next morning with nerves unstrung, to spend a miserable day herself and make the rest of the family uncomfortable.

When a woman feels like working—why, of course, if she is able, that is what she ought to do; but when she feels tired enough to sit down, it is time she changed her dress and took a little recreation. To be sure, there are some things that once begun cannot conveniently be dropped until finished, and the housewife cannot help being exhausted when they are done. In a case such as this, and, in fact, in any case when she rises with her nerves out of order and a distaste for the house work, the best remedy is to get through the day's labour as easily as possible. No matter if she does neglect something that she thinks ought to be done. She should take all the rest she possibly can, for that will be what she needs most. By doing this she will save herself and family a great deal of annoyance and discomfort.

H.

THE SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

WHAT are the sweetest things of earth?—
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn.
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep;
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days.
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace.
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
An honest hand that needs no ward;
A life with right in true accord.
A hope-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

A SAFE RETREAT.

BY CHARLOTTE SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "MY HAPPY POSSESSIONS," ETC.

"WHERE are you going for your summer holiday?" This is the question we often ask one of another, and thoughts of shady, leafy nooks, or golden sands, or mountain peaks, come into our minds. And what is the answer we often get, or have to give?

"Where am I going? Just the same place I went to yesterday and to-day, and where I shall go again to-morrow. All the holiday I shall get will be by fancying I am holiday-making while I am at work."

Generally a sigh follows these words, and, indeed, to work at the same task week after week, with never a break or rest, is enough to make one sigh. But is it quite impossible for us to get a break or rest? Is it not possible to *really* have the holiday-time while at work?

One woman we know answers, "Yes, it is, for I have a tiny arbour in our little garden, and I often just leave everything, and take a paper, and have a nice little resting time there all to my own self." Another says, "I have happy little times in my own room." But there is a better place than either of these, where every tired, holiday-less worker can freely go. It is

AT JESUS' FEET.

Do not shake your head and say it is not *a real place.* Jesus is a real Person, really with us; and just as truly as when we were girls at home we used in moments of trouble or joy to take a stool and sit at our mother's knee, and, looking up into her dear face, tell out all that

At His Feet.

was in our hearts, so can we place ourselves at the feet of our dearest Friend, Jesus.

It is a place *free to all*, so easy of access. Sometimes doctors say to our friends, "You must go on the Continent for some time," and they shake their heads and say, "It is impossible, I could not bear the journey," or, "I have not money enough." But just where you are, in the work-room or kitchen, you can find a place at His feet. No great preparation, fatiguing journey, or expensive ticket required.

And, oh, the *rest* to be got there! Holiday-makers by the sea-shore or at moorland farms often come back to their homes jaded and tired; they have had so many worries and discomforts. But at Jesus' feet we forget the fret of life, and are calmed as when our mother used to stroke our head, sunk upon her knee, in our childish, feverish grief.

And have you ever thought of *the splendid view* we get from thence? Great stretches of sea or moorland, winding river through green and wooded fields, a wide sweep of azure sky—all these and more are not to be compared to the fresh view we get of duty while sitting at His feet. The grey of toil is turned to the gold of trust, and the future loses its gloom and we see wondrous visions.

There are so many things we are drawn to do while there at His feet, that the time passes by very swiftly. But then the Lord is not at all displeased, but rather pleased, if we still continue our daily toil. Blessed privilege! We read of several women in our wonderful Guide Book who came to His feet, and they each did something different from the other. Mary in the home at Bethany sat to *learn*, later on she knelt to *serve*. The woman who was a sinner with sad, dumb lips *confessed* her sins. The woman whose daughter was ill knelt and *prayed*. And the little group of astonished women on their way from the empty tomb knelt on the dusty road and *worshipped*.

While my fingers and my eyes are engaged in humdrum, common tasks, my heart can be learning, serving, confessing, praying, worshipping, and *listening* too, for I catch such sweet echoes of His voice as the women did of old, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." "Thy faith hath saved thee."

How many times we read of accidents to holiday-makers! and they can never be said to be free from annoyances. But at Jesus' feet we find a *safe* retreat, a sure defence. He puts His loving arms around us, and His presence is our shield. Martha may come along to scold us for our lack of worrying energy, and even professing Christians may say we need more of the world's spirit, and a Judas may sneer and call us hypocritical, but the Master will give us the right word to answer them with, and He Himself will say, "She hath chosen the better part. Let her alone."

Oh, blessed retreat!

"At the feet of Jesus
Is the place for me."

OUR SALAD DAYS.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES," ETC.

A GOOD salad is not to be despised at any time of the year; but it is especially grateful during the hot summer months, when our tastes naturally lean towards fruit and green food. Yet how few English women can provide or dress a salad properly! Lettuce to begin with, lettuce to go on with, and lettuce to end with, is their formula. I wish they could see my salad bowl! In it the juicy "Cos" or heart-y "Drumhead" play but a primary part.

My family say I am a "daring" cook. I will, however, in this paper, tell only of successful enterprise.

Who does not agree with me, that a cold luncheon or dinner is *nothing* without its toothsome green accompaniment? And, in an ordinary household, cold meats form a frequent repast. Who has not come in out of the hot glare of a summer day, and felt quite refreshed at the mere sight of a glass bowl of salad?

Come outside with me to-day, and go round the garden. It is not a very big one. I want to gather my "cows' stuff," as it has jocularly been called.

Our *lettuce* patch is getting thin. We will only take one head. Strip off its outer leaves, then carefully *pull* it into small pieces. No knife, please; fingers only, to ensure crispness. No washing if you can help it—just a cleansing rub with a towel if mould adheres anywhere.

(Of course, some readers may have to buy lettuce and find it already water-soaked. In this case dry thoroughly each leaf before breaking up.)

Here is the *parsley* border. A small handful of it is shred next into the bowl.

I am sorry we have no *mustard and cress*. The boxes in which it has been sown are in the pantry window, but the tiny spears are only just beginning to grow. Never mind. Tender shoots from the end of the twigs in this *hawthorn* hedge will do as well. Is it only for childhood to rejoice in this succulent "bread and cheese"? Surely not. Shred in a handful. *Lettuce—parsley—hawthorn*. That is not enough for our family dinner. Stay! here are some *primrose* roots in the grass. Leaves of these will be excellent. (Flowers, too, in the springtime.)

Lord Beaconsfield, I have heard, liked this little plant as much in the salad bowl as in his buttonhole.

Now a very rare addition, though I fear *not* a rare plant in a garden or in the hedgerow—*dandelion*. How much? A couple of good heads. Tear them in tiny pieces. A slightly bitter taste your salad will have. Just delightful this hot day, and most medicinal and cooling in its effects. A spray of *mint* may be added, also a juicy stem of sow-thistle—not too much, as it has a strong taste.

Now for our last ingredient—for is not our bowl full?

A bunch of *chives*, or a couple of spring *onions* finely chopped. Those trimmings from your onion row will do well. With these only must a knife be used. To make

a change, we might get a penny bunch of radishes one day, or a halfpennyworth of watercress another. Add leaves of the burnet plant, slices of cucumber, and some vegetables. Of *cooked* ones, take cold sprigs of broccoli or cauliflower, remnants of sliced French beans, some well-boiled peas (green), asparagus plumes, rings of beetroot, or even a few slices of cold, floury potato.

A very few pence would keep the cottager or mistress of a villa house, even in London, supplied with stuff for her salad days. Two pennyworth of parsley seed (sown on Good Friday according to an old English superstition) would supply garnish and seasoning. Successions of mustard and cress could be grown in shallow boxes well pierced with drainage holes, or even on flannel spread over a basin. A fourpenny packet of radish seed would last a long time. Dandelion, hawthorn, primroses, cowslips, and sow-thistle may, most of them, be had for "love," a quick eye, and the picking. Greengrocers supply lettuce at one penny a head as the maximum price. Onions are even cheaper.

A shilling laid out in this way will prevent many little visits to the doctor. Who, then, would be foolish enough to neglect investing thus?

Dressing for salad is an important point. The following sauce I have found suit most palates:—

Boil an egg hard. Shell and divide yolk from white. Put the latter aside for garnishing afterwards. With a fork mash up the former, and add to it two teaspoonfuls of fresh-made mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, one dessertspoonful of sugar. Blend all well. Then drop by drop, add as much pure olive oil as will make the mixture into a cream. Don't be afraid. No one will taste the oil if put in drop by drop, and it adds much to both the wholesomeness and the digestibility of our salad. To this thick cream, add about a tablespoonful of milk (cream is better, of course, when it is to be had), and a good dash of vinegar. The dressing, when finished, should still be about the consistency of cream.

You can vary this in many ways—with a trifle of anchovy sauce, for instance, a few drops of mushroom ketchup or Yorkshire relish, or a scrape of horse-radish. Numberless combinations suggest themselves when once you have realised the importance of salad as a diet. One rule is to be remembered: There must be no predominating flavour of any sort, only *suggestions* to the palate. The greatest compliment ever paid to my skill in this matter was given by a friend the other day: "Dandelion, mint, parsley, sow-thistle, hawthorn, primroses, horse-radish, anchovy? I don't taste any of them—only the combination is very agreeable!"

Pour your dressing at the last possible minute over the salad in the bowl. Place your hard-boiled rings of egg white at the top, alternated with discs of beetroot and ribbons of radish; and you will be rewarded for the trouble.

Any one who will go in thoroughly for "salad days" will find appetite improved, health benefited, and purse none the lighter.

I will give Sydney Smith's formula for salad dressing. Nothing can really beat it and it has become historical:

"Two boiled potatoes, strained through a kitchen sieve,
Softness and smoothness to the salad give;
Of mordaunt mustard take a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon.
Yet deem it not, though man of taste, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt;
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town.
True taste requires it and your poet begs,
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
And, lastly, in the favoured compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
Oh! great and glorious! oh, herbaceous meat,
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl."

A greater poet than Sydney Smith has also sung the praise of green food. Milton in his "L'Allegro" sings of

"Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses."

To go still further back, we read of the ancient Egyptians, under the shadow of the blue wings of Ibis, feasting on "cucumbers, leeks, onions, and garlick" of which they did "eat freely" (Numbers xi. 5); and of the Israelites eating their passover of vinegar and bitter herbs. If we want another voice from antiquity to encourage us in eating salad, the Psalmist chants of the God-given "herb for the service of man" (Psalm civ. 14), and Moses adds that "every green herb" is for meat (Genesis i. 30).

From these quotations we learn it is no new craze to keep salad days. It is a custom handed down through long generations.

KIND-HEARTED WOMEN.

So great is the influence of a kind-hearted woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hands works wonders in the feverish child. A few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish.

The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of his daily toil, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room and sees the brightness all around, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit.

We all are wearied with combating the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; the young girl, all perplexed by the difficulties of her opening life, seeks the wise counsel of the matured matron; and so one might go on with instances of the influences that a kind-hearted woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

MAKING MINERAL WATERS.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "A BEAUTIFUL INDUSTRY," ETC.

At Work in the Essence Room.

A WONDERFUL contrast indeed do the finely-fitted works of an up-to-date mineral-water manufacturer present to, say, the old village dame's kitchen where she used to brew her ginger-pop!

"Laws-a-mussy-me!" we can hear one of these ancient dames exclaiming, "I ain't got no ginger-beer to-day; some'ink's got wrong in the last brew, and I ain't none to sell. And o' course here's the sun a-shinin' hot and strong, so as I could sell dozens if I only had 'em. Things allers is so contrairy. Bother that Jinny, I spex she didn't have the water hot enough!"

Such a state of affairs would never do for a manufacturer—especially one who takes an honest pride in his business.

Now, we lately paid a visit to the well-known mineral-water factory of Messrs. Idris, of Camden Town, London, and we feel sure that our readers would like an account of what we saw there. Strange to say, we began our inspection from the roof, working our way downwards. This is the reason.

All the infusions and syrups and essences are made in the upper floors. It is very much easier to run quantities of liquids down from one floor to another, to receive their necessary treatment at the various stages, than to carry them about from place to place on the same floor. So by wise forethought and arrangement the beverages of all kinds arrive at the bottling floor either by a natural fall or by machinery; scarcely a finger, so to speak, of actual manual labour being used to convey them thither—an immense saving in cost.

Entering the large building from the roof, then, you are speedily greeted with some evidences of one of the branches of manufacture.

"What an agreeable smell!" you exclaim. The odours at factories are not always so pleasant. You enter a long, long corridor with rooms opening out on either side and a roof higher still than the one you have left. Up there, just under the roof, ginger is being infused—not boiled—in a large copper-lined tank of hot water, and the agreeable, aromatic odour is caused by ginger which is being cut and crushed by machinery,

One reason, probably, why our good village dame spoiled her brew of ginger beer was that the water was not of the right temperature. Perhaps it even boiled and broke up the starch granules in the ginger, about which the simple woman knew nothing. So we have here the thermometer to indicate the temperature which it is known is the best for drawing out the aroma and the good quality of the ginger.

As we look around we see the infusion of ginger, which is the basis of ginger beer and ginger ale. But it needs to be sweetened. So, again, on the upper floor, is the sugar and water, boiled also by steam for the syrup. Eight pounds of pure white granulated sugar are used to the gallon, and the syrup is then run off to the floor below, into measuring pans, each pan holding the quantity which experience and knowledge decide to be the best for each vat. These vats are below, and in them has arrived the infusion of ginger. Before it

Bottling by Steam Power.

In the Syphon-filling Room.

arrives here, however, it receives a mixture of a fruit acid, such as citric or tartaric, and certain other ingredients which, on the opening of the bottle into which the "beer" is put, will cause the liquid to foam and fizz.

The mixture is allowed to settle, and eventually finds its way down to the bottling floor, where it is bottled and corked by a steam-driven machine, which turns out a hundred and twenty dozen an hour.

So much for plain and simple ginger beer. Its aristocratic cousin, ginger ale, has, like some people, more ginger in its composition, and it has also more flavouring, including vanilla, while it is also aërated.

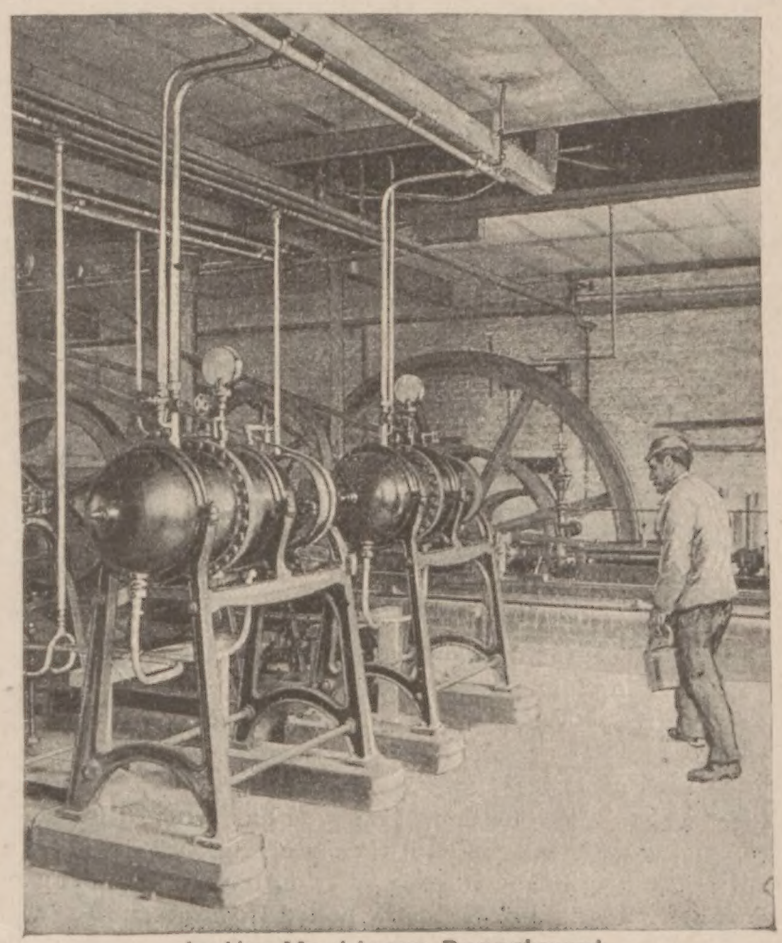
Now, the aëration of water is produced by forcing into it at a great pressure a quantity of carbonic acid gas. When the pressure is removed, as when the cork is taken from a bottle of soda water, some of the gas is given off, and a fizzing or effervescence is the result. The gas is made by pouring dilute sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol—to give its popular name—on chalk or whiting.

The aërated water—after being charged with the soda, potash, lithia, seltzer salts, or what is desired—passes through a large cylinder by pipes to the bottling room. Pumping at a great pressure, the liquid rushes upward to the bottling machines.

These—for syphon bottles—are all in a line, and so perfect is the machinery that they can easily be worked by women. These wear wire-covered eye-preservers, and the bottle that is being filled is shut into a wire-covered receptacle which has a large door like a lantern. The woman opens the door, puts the bottle mouth downward on the top of the pipe, shuts the door, raises a lever, opening the pipe, and the aërated water rushes up the bottle at a pressure of 180 to 200 lbs. to the square inch. Should the bottle be unsound or unable to stand the pressure, it explodes; but no injury can occur to the operatives near, for the broken pieces are confined by the wire-covered lantern, while the covered eyes of the workers are further protected from any slight splinter or drop of water that might fly with force through the interstices of the wire door of the lantern.

The woman can see through the chinks of the lantern door how far the bottle is filled, and when it is nearly full she sniffs!

This does not mean that she yields to bad temper or "turns up her nose" at anything, as some folks in all grades of life seem to know so well how to do! Sniffing in mineral water manufacture merely means letting off a little of the gas in the bottle. Thus the pressure on the bottle is reduced. Then it is fully filled; the syphon lever put down, the delivery-pipe closed, the door opened, and the bottle is sent out at a pressure quite high enough to give plenty of fizz and sparkle when the syphon-tap is opened.



In the Machinery Department.

The bottles are put upright by the women into boxes and sent along a narrow railway to other departments on the same floor, where they are speedily labelled.

The bottling can be accomplished with extreme rapidity, as many as fifty dozen per hour by one bottler being not uncommon, and in factories where ball-stoppered bottles are used, the number may rise to even seventy dozen per hour, while the steam bottling and corking machine will give a considerably greater number.

But what about the various flavours one may taste in different mineral waters? you may here ask. Well, these flavourings, as with lemon for lemonade, orange for orangeade, etc., are introduced into the bottles in the form of syrup before the aërated water is forced in. The preparation of the various syrups requires, you may be sure, great skill and nicety of treatment in order to obtain good results. Idris's prepare their flavouring essences direct from the fresh fruit. This is an operation performed in the autumn when the new fruit comes in, and a sufficiency of the various essences is then made for the whole year. From the syrup-room the flavourings and various ingredients required are run through to the bottles below by means of glass tubes, and by an automatic arrangement each bottle receives its proper charge.

Like the syrups and the solutions, the corks themselves are prepared in the upper floors and descend to the lower. What preparation do corks receive? Well, they are tested, squeezed, freed from dust, branded, and counted. And all this is done—even the counting—by one machine! Not far off is the laboratory, fitted with the latest chemical appliances, and believed to be one of the most complete in any manufactory in England.

Almost every sort of non-alcoholic drink is made at Idris's, from penny ginger beer to high-class table and medicated waters of all kinds; and they are all as uniformly excellent as the most experienced and skilful manipulation can make them.

Our walk through the various rooms, watching the ingenious processes of manufacture in operation, proved immensely interesting and instructive. Hereafter we shall regard our modest glass of ginger-beer or lemonade with somewhat of respect, when we remember the anxious thought and careful labour that have combined to bring it to such a state of perfection.

HIS FAVOURITE DISH.

ZACHARIAH HODSON was not naturally an ill-natured man. It was want of reflection more than an ungenerous heart that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met with anything abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was bound to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked, and whatever the poor woman did to please him was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humour in silence for a long time; but finding it increasing, she adopted a method of reproving him which had the happiest result.

One day, as Zachariah was going to his daily vocation after breakfast, he purchased a large codfish and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was described, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it or fried it or made it into a stew, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several ways. She also, with some difficulty, procured a frog from a brook at the back of the house and put it into a pot.

In due time her husband came home. Some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with frowning, fault-finding look the moody man commenced the conversation. "Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I suppose you have spoiled it for my eating." Taking off the cover. "I thought so! Why in the world did you fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you liked it best fried."

"You did not think any such thing. You knew better. I never liked fried fish. Why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you; but I boiled some also."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited on a dish—a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which now only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a stew."

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favourite dish."

"Favourite dish, indeed!" grumbled the discomfited husband. "I daresay it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right arm; and there was a bull-frog of pretentious dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little startled at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating manner, "I hope you will be able to make a dinner at last."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged his wife was right, and declared that she should not again have reason to complain of him.

And he kept his word.

WOMEN OF WORTH.

V.—MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, THE TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

BY ISABELLA CORBETT.

AMONGST the many noble women who are devoting their lives to the work of awakening in their sisters a keener sense of their capabilities and responsibilities, none deserve higher praise than Miss Willard, the president of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Nurtured in an almost ideally happy home—though, withal, one in which wise discipline was exercised—Frances E. Willard passed her earliest years in an environment well calculated to fit her for her life-work. She was born in the State of New York on the 28th of September, 1839, and is said to have been a "precocious, noisy, delicate baby, who could not walk till she was two years old."

As a child, Miss Willard was given to questioning about everything. When first told the Bible was God's Word, she immediately asked, "But how do you know?" and it was one of the standing difficulties of her childhood how, if God were good, He could permit the mystery and pain of death. Her inquiries were never checked, but rather encouraged; and her mother had the satisfaction of seeing her daughter a declared Methodist Christian before she had attained her twentieth year.

When Frances was six years old, her parents removed to Forest Home, in Wisconsin, where they lived for thirteen years. Being far removed from social intercourse with the outside world, the Willards had to depend very much upon the mselves for their pleasures and recreations. But this by no means troubled them. The children, especially, were quite equal to making their own amusements. Speaking of this time, Miss Willard says:—

"We had no toys, except what we made for ourselves; but as father had a nice kit of carpenter's tools, we learned to use them, and made carts, sleds, stilts, cross-guns, bows and arrows, darts, and I don't know what besides, for our amusement. Oliver [her brother] was very kind to his sisters, and let us do anything we liked that he did. He was not one of those selfish, mannish boys who think they know everything and their sisters nothing, and who say, 'You're only a girl: you can't go with me;' but when he was in the fields ploughing, he would let us ride on the beam or on the horse's back; and when he went hunting I often insisted on going with him, and he never made fun of me, but would even let me load the gun; and I can also testify that he made not the slightest objection to my carrying the game. I knew all the carpenter's tools, and handled them; but a needle and a dish-cloth I could not abide—chiefly, perhaps, because I was bound to live out-of-doors."

Once, when forbidden to ride a horse, the future Temperance reformer, at infinite pains, persuaded a favourite cow to submit to saddle and bridle. "I found myself," she says, "in possession of an outlandish steed, whose every motion threatened a catastrophe, and whose awkwardness was such that her trainer never gave a public exhibition of the animal's powers, but used to ride out of sight down in the big ravine, and only when the boys were busy in the field."

But this complete freedom of life could not last for ever. There came a time when the fetters and restraints common to young women in general could no longer be ignored. Miss Willard's first experience of the trammels of civilisation was not a happy one. "My back hair is twisted up like a corkscrew," she wrote. "I carry eighteen hairpins, my head aches miserably; my feet are entangled in the skirt of my hateful new gown. I can never jump over a fence again as long as I live." Miss Willard has never quite conquered her aversion to the constrictions and compressions which Dame Fashion inflicts upon women, and to this day she remains an ardent dress-reformer, though she makes no public parade of her sentiments on this most important subject.

From photo. by [*Smith, Evanston, Ill.*

Frances E. Willard

In her twenty-first year Miss Willard commenced to earn her living as a "schoolmarm"—a profession which she followed with ever-increasing success until circumstances brought her face to face with the work of her life—the promotion of Temperance amongst the people of the world. The immediate cause of her taking up this great and grand work, was the famous American "Women's Crusade" of 1873, when the praying women of Ohio literally besieged the rum-shops with prayer and the singing of psalms and hymns. If they could hold their prayer-meetings inside the saloon, they did so; if not, they knelt on the pavement. A revival of religion followed the attack on the saloons. Thousands signed the pledge and professed conversion. For a time the liquor traffic was suppressed in two hundred and fifty districts in Ohio and the neighbouring States.

Miss Willard, who had frequently addressed missionary meetings, and had spoken on educational subjects, was asked to speak at a mid-day "crusaders'" meeting in Chicago. She consented, and soon found herself in the heat of the fray; and from that time onward her energies have been chiefly spent in one long-sustained effort for the suppression of the liquor traffic and the furtherance of the great cause of Gospel Temperance.

In 1879, at Indianapolis, Miss Willard was elected President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union—a post which she has held ever since. From its commencement the Union has been steadily growing, and ever widening the field of its operations. As an evidence of this, it may be stated that at the 1879 Convention, when Miss Willard accepted the Presidency, only twenty-seven States were represented; whereas, at the last Convention, every State in the Union was represented, and delegates were there from every continent the world over.

Perhaps one secret of the success of this renowned society may be found in the catholicity of its aims and purposes. It is not exclusively a Temperance society. It embraces every effort that is made for the elevation and the purifying and beautifying of the homes of the people. It appeals to the strongest sympathies of all who would see the world better than it is; and under the able direction of its honoured president we feel sure it is destined to go on steadily growing in power, a mighty influence, under God's over-ruling providence, for the uplifting of man, woman, and child in every land under the sun. Who will not join with us in praying that increased and increasing blessings may be given to the noble lady who directs such a grand work for God and humanity?

We heartily wish her God-speed. May the Lord prosper the work of her hands!

HIS MOTHER'S SONG.

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.
Tiring of games and idle jest,
As swept the hours along,
They cried to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said,
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me, long years ago."
"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause?"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."
"Sing us one more," the captain begged.
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me?" he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall!'"
Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell;
As on the soldier sang,
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But, ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.
And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer that mother taught
Her boy long years ago.

Helps for Busy Housewives.

EXPELLING FLIES.—It is said that flies do not like the odour of clover, and that a bunch of these blossoms left drying in a room will effectually expel them.

Feeding Baby.—Nothing shows greater carefulness on the part of a mother than a well-fed—but not over-fed—baby. Food should be given only as it can be digested. Much of the indigestion of after life is caused by cramming in early infancy, under the mistaken notion that a large quantity at once causes sleep and rest. Regularity, moderation, and simplicity of diet induce baby to be quiet at night, and smiling, happy, and good-tempered in the daytime.

Cheese.—To prevent mould forming on cheese, cover it with a piece of cotton cloth or linen saturated with strong vinegar. It will thus be kept as fresh as when first cut, and no flies or insects will touch it.

Cleaning Chamois Leather.—To cleanse a soiled chamois leather, make a solution of weak soda and warm water; rub plenty of soft soap into the leather, and allow it to remain in soak for two hours; then rub it well till it is quite clean. Afterwards rinse it well in a weak solution composed of warm water, soda, and yellow soap. If rinsed in water only it becomes hard when dry and unfit for use. The small quantity of soap left in the leather allows the finer particles to separate and become soft like silk. After rinsing, wring it well in a rough towel and dry quickly; then pull it about and break it well, and it will become softer and better than most new leathers.

Scald Head arises chiefly from weak health and bad circulation, although the complaint is very catching. A child thus suffering should, therefore, be isolated as much as possible, and never be allowed to use the same comb or brush as others until cured.

Sago Sauce with Fruit.—Soak half an ounce of sago for several hours in water. Drain, and boil it in a pint of milk till the grains almost disappear. Then flavour, sweeten to taste, and serve with stewed fruit.

Lancashire Pie.—Boil potatoes sufficient for a pie, turnips, carrots, onions, green peas, each one to be passed through a sieve separately, placing a layer of each till the pie dish is filled up; then put in a quick oven to brown.

A WORKING WOMAN'S IDEAS ON COOKERY.

BY HARRIETTE E. BURCH.

OUR "mothers" have always been a success. We never did run our meetings quite on the old lines, and never shall so long as one of our innovating members—"our genius," we call her—won't let the world go its old jog-trot. Grandmothers are universally held to be the wisest people in the world, and everybody's grandmother the wisest of the lot; but "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new," and our "mothers" have had fortnightly addresses on nursing, needlework, the management of children, and cookery for some time.

"Our genius" next suggested that it might be a step in the right direction if one of the mothers would give her ideas on some one of the lectures they had had; and Mrs. Gedge, a bright-faced, intelligent little woman who takes in washing, was at length persuaded to have her say.

Shifting nervously from one foot to the other, while the colour mounted hotly to her cheeks, she began—

"I'm sure we're all much obliged to the ladies for tryin' to teach us, and since you want me to speak, there is one or two things I'd just like to say about cookery.

A Cookery Class at Work.

"We all want to learn, but don't try to teach us too much. That's the great mistake, if I may make so bold as to say so. Just get these two things into your heads: 'Who you are teaching,' and 'What is most useful to teach us.'

"We're not cooks, but working-men's wives. We've got little houses, and not many things in them. Most of us have a good many mouths to fill and not much money to spend, and it takes a sight of contriving to make the money do. It ain't every mother of five or six that can manage to keep things decently comfortable on what her husband earns; and if she takes in work herself it don't leave her much time for messin' over cookin.' What we have to do is to make a lot out of a little. That isn't easy, I can tell you. I always think of the parable of the loaves and fishes when the bread runs short.

"When Bill and me was first married, I made up my mind if we had only a bit of boiled bacon it should be cooked fit for anybody to eat. So I joined the cheap cookery class down town, paid my twopence, and went. Take my word for it, unless your purse is as deep as a well, what you learn at some of them classes won't be much good to you.

"A little pinch of this and a spoonful of that, one thing to fry and another to simmer, and half-a-dozen pots to keep boiling at once was five too many for me. I couldn't keep half of them in my head. I thought I was well up in saucepans, with my big one to boil meat in, a middlin-sized one for pudding and taters, and a little tin one for gruel; but bless you, these lecturing cooks expect you to have the run of a tin shop, at the very least.

"There's many a poor woman hasn't more than one saucepan to boil meat, potatoes, turnips, and dumplin's too—if she can get 'em. If potatoes are well scrubbed, the peel won't hurt anybody that works from six in the morning till six at night. My boys always say they like 'em best with their jackets on.

"Then, too, there's another reason why a poor woman can't stand to fuss much over her cookin'. If she wants to keep her husband from the beer-shop, and bring up her family respectable, she ought to make a point of her Sunday worship.

"I always reckon on goin' to service once on the Sunday. It ain't easy to manage it at all times, the best of babies ain't always convenient; and so when the baby won't be quiet, Bill and me has to take turns.

"Now, I just ask you what would become of my church-going if I had half a dozen stew-pans to scrub, and a whole heap of plates and basins and dishes to clear up. 'As few as possible' is my motto. Send the children off to Sunday-school, wash up like a steam-engine, get the place tidied up, and yourself cleaned. Then give 'em their tea, pack 'em off to bed, turn the key in the door, and you can have your hour and a half in the gallery comfortable. Whatever trouble may have come to you in the week, you'll find yourself mightily lifted up by the prayers and the singing. That's my experience. Bill's a rare one for the hymns. If it was all sermon I'm none so sure that I should get him to go. Stand him up to a hymn, and, well there! it's just as if he'd been carried up to heaven straight.

"Now I think I've about had my little spin. Don't go for to fancy I mean to say that working women like us know how to cook proper. We don't. If you like to get together a class of girls to train for cooks, why then tell 'em as much as you like; but just remember this when you're talking to us 'mothers,' we haven't much to cook, we've scarcely any fire to cook it with, and next to nothing to cook it in; and teach us as little and as plain as ever you can. That's the only way in which you can do us any good by your lectures."

There was a significant nodding of heads and a buzz of approval as Mrs. Gedge went back to her place, and "our genius" is now busy over a concise table of general rules by which the art of cooking may be simplified to the possibilities of one saucepan, and hearty but wholesome food prepared with a minimum of fuel.

MRS. MASON'S MISTAKE.

MRS. MASON had one son and three daughters. She was a very careful and devoted mother, and wanted to do the very best for her children that could be done. Frank, her son, was a nice boy, rather delicate, and with a fondness for books, pets, and pictures. He had a faithful little spaniel when he was about ten years old, which he loved dearly; but the dog was almost as much pain to him as pleasure.

"Frank, Frank, don't bring that dog into the house," his mother would say. "Frank, Frank," always repeating his name twice when nagging him, "don't leave the door open," or "Don't bring your muddy feet into the house," or "Don't lie down on your face to read; sit in a chair properly;" and "Don't be saucy" was her expression if he expostulated. So it was "Don't this" and "Don't that" all the time, till there seemed hardly anything that had not some kind of restriction attached to it.

The boy's school-teacher saw how matters were going, and tried to do something to mend them. One evening when he called he asked to see Frank's dog, for he was very fond of animals. "You know," he said to the lad, "you are to write to-morrow all about a dog's hind foot, and how it differs from a cat's."

So Frank's mother consented to have the two little animals in the parlour, and they lay on the sofa between Frank and his teacher during the visit, as contented and well-behaved as a cat and dog could be, and Frank was really happy that evening.

He got out his pictures, too, to show to his teacher, and he arranged them on the piano, as he was fond of doing, so as to bring out by contrast and harmony the best effects. He was really an embryo member of some "hanging committee" in an Academy of Design yet to be, and he liked to cover the carpet with his pictures, and arrange and re-arrange them till they just suited him.

But at other times his mother couldn't bear to have the rooms "all littered up with things," and Frank had to suppress himself and his pictures and his natural out-growings in various directions so much that he got tired of it all.

As he grew up into young manhood he liked to go to the Soldiers' Institute, not far from his own home, and hear about British feats of arms in other lands. One or two of the old soldiers thought it was rare fun to teach a lad how to smoke, and he formed the tobacco habit before his parents knew he had any leaning in that direction. But the old soldiers didn't keep nagging him, and he liked them.

When he got well into his teens he asserted himself more and more, and at last insisted on having his room entirely to himself. He locked it, and would let no one but a favourite sister enter it. In his room he hung his pictures where and as he wanted them. He read lying face downwards if he wanted to, with his feet in the air and his head resting on his hands, and he smoked as he read.

If Mrs. Mason could only have let him alone a little while, keeping him close to her, and have left him to amuse himself in all harmless and boyish ways, humouring his innocent fancies and indulging his boyish freaks when they possessed him, she might have had unbounded influence over him. But she just nagged it all away; and while he was the apple of her eye and the pride of her life, she made him so uncomfortable that he was happiest when he was inaccessible to his own mother.

ETHEL WOOD.

Woman's Ministry.—Ruskin says, in just appreciation of woman's powerful home influence, "Wherever a true woman comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worms in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her foot, but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless." Men make houses, but women make homes.

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Misused Words.—"Cuthbert Bede" writes: "I have frequently heard each of these words, 'severally,' 'respectively,' used in various parishes when several banns of marriage had to be asked. A clergyman, then recently ordained, once read the morning service in a church wherein he had never previously officiated, and had to put up two or three banns of marriage. In doing so, he did not use either of these words, 'severally,' 'respectively.' When he was in the vestry at the end of the service, the old clerk said to him, 'Excuse me, sir, but I saw that you was new to the trade.' 'How did you find out that?' 'Why, when you was asking up the banns, you left out a word.' 'Did I? What was the word?' 'It was the word "respectably." Our rector always says as the couples are to be respectably joined together in holy matrimony; and when you leaves it out, it looks as though it waunt a-going to be a respectable wedding.'"

* * * *

From the Heart.—A compliment is most appreciated when it comes with the flavour of true sincerity evident upon it. What could be more gratifying in this respect than the appreciation implied in the eager exclamation of a little lad who after studying the lesson on "The Excellent Woman," in Prov. xxxi., ran home to his mother and breathlessly cried, "Mamma, we've been studying about you in the Sunday-school to-day!" The mother who could evoke such a tribute from her own child is a mother indeed.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," ETC.

August 1st, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The holiday season is still in full swing, and many a harassed mother among you has perhaps stopped, as "MAUD" has done in the midst of her many cares, to ask herself, "Dear, dear, what is the use of holidays?"

Be patient, Maud, with your little ones. Their exuberant spirits may be a little trying to you, but remember that the nature of all young life is to be always on the move. The law of growth with youngsters of all kinds, especially boys, seems to be motion. If you were to shut a kitten up in a cage so small that it could not ever play with its own tail, you would stunt its growth, and make it but a puny specimen of its species. All young creatures need space in which to exercise their limbs; with permission to shout and sing and play as much as they will for a certain time each day.

The time will come all too soon, Maud, when your little ones will have grown up, and the cares of life will in turn have to be borne by them. Let them be young as long as they can, and the best way to do this, I think, is to try earnestly, nay, even prayerfully to remember what you were as a child. We parents as a rule *do* expect old heads on young shoulders, the proverb notwithstanding. A lot of trash has been written on the subject of daughters having revolted. Don't you believe a word of it. Neither sons nor daughters would revolt if their parents tried more thoroughly to enter into their feelings. The secret of being a good parent is, I am sure, ever trying to carry about with you the thought that you were once a child. Sit down for a second, Maud, and remember your own holidays in the past, then you will bear more patiently with your children's rackety fun in the present.

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"PUZZLED" wants to know how to prevent the button-holes in her tailor-made dress from getting out of shape. Nothing is easier, my friend. Use a button-hook to fasten them.

* * * *

"SENSITIVE PLANT," who has evidently been seriously grieved by seeming coldness on the part of a friend whom he or she loves "not wisely, but too well," wants to know if she does well to be angry. If Mr. Editor would allow me an extra page, my dear "S. P.," I could fill it cheerfully and easily with my ideas on the "art of letting people alone."

"Sensitive Plant" should remember that every human being has his own peculiarities and his own nature. No two people are exactly alike in mind, body, or estate. Therefore, the little tendernesses in which "S. P." delights, and which it is natural to her to lavish on anyone whom she likes, may be nettle stings to her friend, whose nature is more reserved, but probably none the less affectionate. Then there's a certain amount of combativeness in some people, which makes them shrink from accepting any signs of help. They would rather expire in the attempt to do something than have it done for them, so long as they have an ounce of strength left. Be merciful, "Sensitive Plant," as you are loving, and don't break your own heart and endanger your friendship by being over-exacting. Study the art of letting people alone as to showing love, and as to showing anger, and you will be a happier, though, if I judge you rightly, never a less Sensitive Plant.

* * * *

"YOUNG WIFE" is at sea as to how to manage her linen cupboard. If you are just starting housekeeping, six of everything will be enough. Put glass-cloths, tea-cloths, dusters, and what-not, all in separate piles. When they come up from the wash, unfold each and hold it up to the light. Darn carefully the first signs of a thin place, then fold again and place the freshly washed cloth at the *bottom* of the pile, so that each article has its fair amount of wear. About once in six months spend a few shillings in getting half a dozen more of whatever kind is most worn. In this way you will keep your cupboard replenished and in good order, without a large outlay at one time. N.B.—Table-cloths should always be mended *before* they go to the wash.

* * * *

"NORAH" is left a widow with three children, and wants to know whether she ought to make a will, and if so, whether she can do it without calling in a lawyer. Of course you can. Do you not remember the story of the famous lawyer's will, the shortest probably on record: "A thousand pounds to Brother Bob, and all the rest to my wife"?

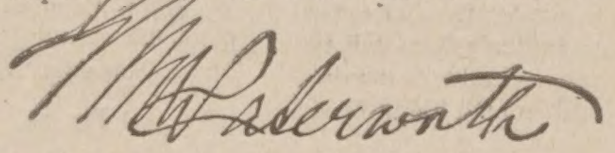
All that you need is a sheet of paper. Avoid any attempt at legal terms. State exactly what you want done with all your possessions. Get two people who are of full age, and who do not inherit anything from you, to witness your signature. You must sign in their presence, and they must each sign in your presence, and in the presence of each other. Any mistakes must be initialled in the margin by all three of you also.

* * * *

"PHŒBE" is much exercised in her mind as to the reason why milk turns sour so quickly. It is in the nature of milk, as it is in that of some people, to reflect the character of its surroundings, hence it should always be kept in a covered vessel if it is in a larder. In the height of summer you may keep your meat sweet by putting a saucer full of milk near it; the milk will turn sour, but the meat will be all right. Special attention should be paid to this fact where the milk is for a baby's food; it should never be put in the larder at all.

* * * *

I have been asked by Diana to give my opinion on the "new" style of woman's dress. I am obliged, unwillingly, to postpone the discussion of that interesting topic until next month, when, however, I shall say my say on the subject. Meanwhile, dear Diana, please do not call upon me in the "new costume"!



HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY A PRACTICAL DRESSMAKER.

RIBBON is largely used to trim both cotton and stuff dresses, as it can be easily removed for laundry purposes. The loose blouse body fastens neatly under a strip of satin ribbon about three inches wide, and there are also two side strips continued over the shoulder to the middle of the back, and ending here under rosettes. Bows and ends of ribbon also hang from the waist, either at the front, back, or side.

Fig. 27.

Large lace collars are worn, making a dressy finish to a dress otherwise plain. A pretty design we have before us is shaped like a pointed yoke, and fastens at the back. The foundation is of white batiste, trimmed with imitation Valenciennes lace (butter colour). Rows of insertion are run out to the foundation, the stuff underneath being cut away afterwards. A lace frill, four inches deep, finishes the edge, and the neck is set into a bias band about three-quarters of an inch wide.

Bodies are made full and much trimmed, the box-pleat being perhaps the most admired style. Skirts are still worn wide, with godat pleats at the back, while the front is fitted to the figure.

Two shapes of sleeve prevail—the "gigot," which is laid in large sloping pleats at the top, with a tight-fitting part, ornamented with lace or other trimming; and also the "bell sleeve," so arranged that the fulness gets nearer and nearer to the elbow.

Fig. 27. This pattern shows a lady's dress with a velvet bodice, but the same material can be used for body and skirt with equal effect. A fitting lining is used for the body, which hooks down the centre, while the material is cut so as to cross over on the left side, where it is finished with a rosette. The V-shaped front can be made of chiffon or silk muslin, as also the neck-band. Below this is a collarette of lace; tan or butter colour will be very effective, insertion and edging being used.

Fig. 28.

The tight-fitting cuff is made to finish with a point, which falls over the hand. The skirt is plain, lined throughout and fitted to the waist in front, but arranged to fall in graceful pleats at the sides and back. Delaine, crepon, or a fancy material can be used.

Fig. 28. We show here a little girl's dress made in washing material, and trimmed with lace or embroidery. The upper part of the body can be laid in small tucks or gathered and stitched to the lining in the shape of a round yoke. Below this the stuff is gathered into a band at the waist. An epaulette of embroidery or lace finishes the sleeve, and is ornamented with a ribbon bow. The skirt is tucked or trimmed with lace insertion, and mounted on to the body with gathers, a broad ribbon sash, with bow and ends in front, finishing the waist.

Fig. 29.

Fig. 29. This is a useful cape for evening wear, being more suitable for an elderly lady than the short circular cape or mantle. It can be of the same stuff as the dress, or of thin habit cloth, while it is made on a yoke and hangs full, especially at the back. No lining will be needed, except a facing of silk in the front, the edges being turned under and stitched. One or two frills or capes trim the shoulders below the yoke. These could be of lace, which is very suitable trimming for a summer mantle. There is a collar turned over and lined with silk. The lower part of the mantle closes with tabs.

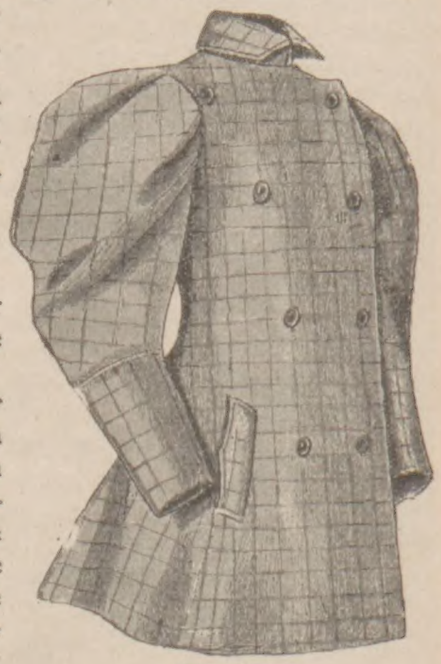


Fig. 30.

Fig. 30. We show in this illustration a lady's jacket, which can be made of reversible cloth, or of the same material as the dress. The seams are all sewn out on the right side, if the jacket is not to be lined, and the edges are hidden by stripes of stuff three-quarters of an inch wide. If the jacket is made of a thin fabric it will be necessary to line the cuffs, pocket tabs, and collar with a piece of canvas, as well as satin or silk lining, in order to keep them in place, otherwise they will crease.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 27, 28, 29, and 30, 6½d. each. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.